

Acteon & Diana; -1. 5.

WITH
A Pastoral Storie of the Nymph

OENONE: -17.

FOLLOWED

By the several Conceited Humours

Of { *Bumpkin* the Huntsman. — 1.
Hobbinal the Shepherd. — 17.
Singing Simpkin, and — 11.
John Swabber the Seaman. — 26.

By ROB. COX.

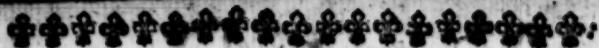
Acted at the *Red Bull* with great applause.

The second Edition, with the Addition of *Simpleton*
the Smith, not before extant.



LONDON,

Printed for *Edward Archer*, at the Adam and Eve,
in Little Britain, 1656.



To all the Worthy-minded
GENTRY.

Gentlemen, and Ladies!

IF your serious occasions will permit me so much honour, that this sleight Book may bee accepted and perused, I shall justly acknowledge the favour to be far above either my hopes or merit. And if you ever vouchsafed your Presence when it was presented on the Stage, I am confident, your (no-way erring) Judgments will now allow it, as it then was attended, which was, rather to provoke a laughter, then occasion a contemplation. It will likewise engage my grateful service, if I be not (in your worthie opinions) taxed of Arrogance, to present my unpolished lines, when daily those of excellence are offered to your Eyes and Ears: But in the confidence of your clemencie, I submit to the verdict of my grand Jury. And howsoever you are pleased to censure, will remain (as I ought) the humblest of your servants,

ROBERT COX.



Simpleton the Smith.

Enter Old Simpleton solus.

Sim.



IF ever Dog was weary of a day, then have I cause to bee weary of my life ; I am a Blacksmith by my Trade, and (though I say it) I have bin accounted a good Workman, but I could never yet forge, or hammer out means enough to satisfy the insatiate gut of my son *Simpleton*. He will not work, and yet no sooner is his nose out of the Alehouse, but his head is in the Cupboard: His insatiate stomach may well desire a Giant, or the great Eater of *Kent* ; but I have thought upon a way which he shall either take in hand, or graze with Hobbmy horse : Sirrah *Simpleton*, where are you ?

Young Simp. Within. Here, here, Father.

Old Simp. Where, where, Sirrah ?

T. Sim. At the Cupboard Father, at the Cupboard.

O. Sim. I thought as much ; but come you hither sirrah, or I shall make your ears sing prick song for you.

A 2

Enter

Enter Young Simpleton with a great piece of bread and butter.

T. Sim. 'Tis a miserable condition that a man cannot eat a little bit for his afternoons Lunchins, but he must be disturbed in the belt of his stomach.

O. Sim. A bit do'st thou call it, O my conscience this devouring rascal, old as I am, would eat me if he found me in the Cupboard.

T. Sim. I do not think there is such a genteel Smith in the town, that has such an old niggardly Coxcombe to his father as I, he knows I have no better a stomach then a young green-sicknesse girle, and yet he grutches me every bit I eat.

O. Sim. Leave off your muttering, and lend me an ear a while.

T. Sim. Truly I cannot spare one father; yet now I think on't, you have great occasion for one ever since the last pillory day, but since you are my father, I will vouchsafe to listen a while.

O. Sim. You know that I am old.

T. Sim. The more's the pity, that you were not hang'd while you were young.

O. Sim. Thou hast drunk most of my means away.

T. Sim. I'll eat out the rest.

O. Sim. Leave your ill breeding, and give me sensibly a reason why you will not work?

T. Sim. Because I am lazy father.

O. Sim. Nay that's true.

T. Sim. True; why do you think I would be so unmannerly, to tell you a lie father.

O. Sim. How I shall maintein that coming stomach of yours, unlesse your self endeavour for it: I
know

know not, but if thou wilt be ruled, I'll make thee a man.

T. Sim. A man! why what am I now, a mouse what would you make of me?

O. Sim. An Assle, an Assle, a grosse Assle.

T. Sim. You may well make me a grosse Assle, you have so good a pattern.

O. Sim. Lissen to me; you know the widowes daughter at the corner, sweet Mistris *Dorothy*, shee's both young and handsom, and has money too.

T. Sim. I, and that will help to buy victuals.

O. Sim. Go and woo her, and I dare lay my life thou carriest her.

T. Sim. I carrie her, father; alas, I have but a weak back, and besides I am somewhat lazily given, as you say, it were a great deal better that she would carrie me.

O. Sim. Thou hast no more wit then my hammer head has, and no more brains then an Anvil, which every one may strike on, but never move it; go take your Fidle, at that they say you are excellent, and when she thanks thee from her Chamber window, say thou art my son, and that I sent thee about the thing she wotes of.

T. Sim. O must I bumfiddle her under her Chamber window; well, I will go wash my hands, and starch my face, because I may be sure to go cleanly about my businesse.

Exit.

Enter the first Gentleman.

1. Gent. A pox of fortune, she was never my friend yet; the money that I got with so much trouble, I lost with one unlucky chance at dice. I have

have

have no meanes nor hopes left to supply me, but what my sweet-heart *Dorothy* affords me, she has and must again take pity of me, this is her window, I hope her mother will not hear.

Hem Doll.

Doll, above. Who's that calls so boldly; speake, what are you?

1. Gent. Oh *Doll* thou knowest my fortunes, and my love last night hath broke me, and by thee my fortunes must be splintered; one halfe piece does the businesse.

Doll. How often have I peec'd you, and stil you breake; and I shall do the same if you continue thus, you know my mother keep's a lock over my will, yet once again Ile venture, come in the morning about five of the clock, and Ile be ready for thee.

1. Gent. Oh my sweet *Doll*, thou never didst deceive me.

Exit

Enter To. Sim. with a Violl.

To. Sim. Now must I go play an *Alampadoe*. under *Mistress Dorothy's* Chamber window, and all that time perhaps she is a snorting, for to say the truth my musick will hardly have the virtue to waken her, and if she should wake, I could not tell what to say to her unless it were to desire her to go to bed again, And because I will be sure to be acceptable to her, I will joine my nightingale voyce therunto.

Enter the first Gent.

1. Gent. What slave is this presumes to court my *Mistress*, could I but see him, I would satisfie my anger with the ruine of his limbs, but he is gone, and I loose time in seeking him.

To. Sim. That was a stinging Rogue, he has made my

my heart jumpe upright into my mouth, and if I had not held it fast with my teeth, without doubt it had forsaken my body; but he is gone, and now I wil venture forward.

Enter the second Gent.

2. *Gent.* I heard some musick at my sweet-hearts window, could I but find him, I would cut him, and slash him til his whole body were anatomized; but he is gone, and it was his wisest course. *Exit.*

T. *Sim.* That Roaring Rouge was far worse then the tother, he has almost frightened my song out of my head. Oh! we true and faithfull lovers, what perils and dangers must we undergoe, to gain the wils and affections of our dearest deares; but now to my musick, and because she shall take a great pleasure to think on it, I will sing a song of a young wench that had a great mind to be married before her time.

Sings.

Oh! mother let me have a husband kind,
with toitre loitre loitre.

That day and night I may comfort find
of a toitre, &c.

I care not whether honest man or knave,

so that he keep me fine and brave,

And that none else but I may have

his toitre &c.

Oh daughter you are not old enough

for a toitre &c.

And husbands often prove rough

with a toitre &c.

Your tender heart no grieve can carry
as they must do sometimes that marry
You yet may wel a twelve-month tarry
for a toitre &c.

Oh! mother I am in my teens
for a toytre &c.
And younger wifes are often seene
with a toitre &c.

I pray let not me so Idle stand,
for I can do as well as any can.
I have had a prooffe with John our man
of his toitre &c.

Well if she does not run mad for me now, it is pity
she should have musick under her window, as long
as she lives again.

Mistris Dorothy above.

Doll. What owle is that shreikes so at my window,
if he meant musick sure he was mistaken, I was about
to have eaten my breake-fast, but this fool has turn'd
my stomack. What art thou that art so troublesome.

T. Sim. Good *Mistris Dorothy*, it is I, your none
sweet-swotterkin, and if you please to throw your
eyes out of the window upon me, you shall behold
one of the faithfulest lovers that ever took hammer
in hand. I love you better and dearer, then a Bear
does honey, and I hope you will affect me as much
as a Sow does a bunch of Carrots.

Doll. Oh is it you? I thought none but a puppy like
your self, would have disturbed the neighbours with
your gridiron-musick, a Saw were far more pleasing.

T. Sim.

T. Sim. Forsooth I am very sorry that you have no better skill in musick, in my opinion I sung most melodiously, but if you will be pleased to look with eyes of judgment upon me, you will expresse your love in a better manner to me.

Doll. I shal expresse my love, if you continue here, in a far worser manner then you think for; do you see this chamber-pott, it longs to be acquainted with that trainels head of yours; therefore be gone, and save your self a washing.

T. Sim. If you should wash me, I thinke it would be but labour in vaine; yet if you please to distill any of your sweet water upon me, I shall desire to be smelt out by you.

Doll. You asse, you puppy, must you needs force a drowning.

Exit

T. Sim. Is this the begining of love? it is almost as bad as the proverbe to me: stay, it may be it is rose-water. Voh, it is as ranke urine as ever any Doctor cast. I'll call this same old *Simpleton my father*, that set me about this businesse. Oh! *Father Simpleton*, where are you.

O. Sim. Oh mine Son, how hast thou sped boy?

T. Sim. Oh I have sped most abominably, *father*, I got a great deal more then I expected.

O. Sim. Oh my own naturall boy!

Y. Sim. I naturall, to be sure, I had nere come here else.

O. Sim. But how did she relish thee.

Y. Sim. Why she relish'd me with a whole chamber-pot full of water.

O. Sim. Why thou asse, thou puppy, thou fool, thou concombe.

radiant

B

Y. Sim.

Y. sim. Why? how can I help it, why you get me to like a fool.

O. sim. Come shew me to her, and you shall see how I will handle her.

Y. sim. Nay father, I should be loath to marry her, after you have had the handling of her.

O. sim. This is her Chamber, is it not?

Y. sim. Yes, I know it by a good token, for here she opened the fluce, and let the floodgates out upon me.

O. sim. Mistress Dorothy, Mistress Dorothy, pray come to the window.

Y. sim. Pray to the window, Mistress Dorothy.

O. sim. Sirrah, hold your tongue.

Doll. What again? sure this whole morning is nothing but my trouble, what wife-akers is that now?

Y. sim. She calls you wife-akers, speak now.

O. sim. I am your neighbour, *Old Simploton the Smith.*

Y. sim. And I young *Simploton the Smith.*

Doll. Oh neighbour is it you? here was your son but now, and he kept a worse noyse then a hear-baiting, but you are civill, I will come down to you.

O. sim. Look you there sirrah, she will come downe to me, she lyes.

Y. sim. I by that time I have been a courtier as long as you have been, one woman or other may come down to me too.

Enter Doll.

Doll. Good morrow neighbour, what is your business pray,

O. sim. Why it is this, this is my son. Nay it is my son, I'll assure you.

Y. sim. Yes forsooth, he is sure I am his son, my
mothers

mother told him so.

Doll. Now I looke better on him, he seems to me more kindlie ne then before, your company seasons him with discretion, but what's your business pray Sir.

O. Sim. Why, if you please forsooth, I would faine Joyn you two together in the way of Matrimony.

Y. Sim. Yes forsooth, to mock a marriage.

Doll. But hold Sir, two words to a bargain, what profession is your son of.

Y. Sim. Forsooth I am a Blacksmith, and though I say it, I have as good working-gears as any smith in the parrish, all my neighbours wives that be my wivels.

O. Sim. Sirrah, hold your tongue.

Y. Sim. Why, shall I come a wooing, and say nothing for my self.

Doll. But what estate I pray has your son in posse.

Y. Sim. Father, what estate have I in a possit.

O. Sim. Forsooth, two Cowes you shal have with him.

Y. Sim. With a calfe to my knowledge.

O. Sim. Four ewes and lambs, and a horse to ride to market on.

T. Sim. Yes, and a y. no, now I think on it, you may keep your asse your selfe.

O. Sim. Four marke in money.

T. Sim. Doe you marke that.

O. Sim. With a bed and blankets.

T. Sim. And then we may daunce the shaking of the sheets, when we can.

Doll. These promises are faire, and if performed, I hope I shall not need repent my bargain.

B a

T. Sim.

T. Sim. Nor I neither, come let's to bed presently, and afterwards wee'll talk on it.

Doll. No, no, first to Church, and then to bed.

T. Sim. Oh then you won't follow the fashion of our countrey, we commonly go to bed first, and to Church when we can, but come I am contented. *Exeunt*

Musick.

Enter the First Gent. and second, meeting.

1. *Gent.* How now friend, what make you hereabouts?

2. *Gent.* My business is the same, I thinke, with yours; is it not for *Dorothy*?

2. *Gent.* I do confesse it, and have known what love you long have born her; let us go together.

Enter Old Sim. Young Sim. and Doll.

T. Gent. Stand close, what means this?

Here comes the bride and bridegroom on so stately,

That were but maid and batchelour so lately.

And now let all the Blacksmithes be invited,

Cause *Vulcan* and his *Venus* are united.

1. *Gent.* What should this mean, *Doll* has a hat on? She did not use to weare one.

Enter Doll.

Doll. Oh gentlemen! though I desire your company, yet now I heartily could wish your absence.

1. *Gent.* Why, what's the matter *Doll*?

Doll. I am married.

2. *Gent.* To whom?

Doll. Do you not know him? *Young Simpleton* the Smith.

1. *Gent.* That fool, that Coxcombe; I'll break his

his

his hammer with his own jolt-head :

Doll. Stand close, I hear him coming.

Enter Young Simpleton.

T. Sim. Sweet-heart now we are married, things ought to be well carried.

And the first thing we should take care for, is how to get victuals, what's that? *They whistle.*

Doll. Nothing but the Rats and Mice.

T. Sim. As sure as I live, I'll lay a trap for those Rats. But what's the matter now? *They hem.*

Doll. Nothing but the Neighbours Dogs.

T. Sim. 'Tis a thousand pities but such Currs were hang'd up presently. *Exit Sim.*

Doll. Oh Gentlemen! I would you were out of the house, for I am afraid hee will return again ere I can handsomly shut the door.

T. Sim. within. Why Doll, Doll.

Doll. Come yee behinde ine presently, I pray dispatch.

Enter Young Simpleton.

T. Sim. Doll: I have considered, that to set up my trade is the way to get victuals, and I wont nothing of my tools but onely a pair of Bellows.

Doll. Fear not husband, I have a little mony that you know not of, and if I can but hear of a good bargain, I will not fail to buy a pair of Bellows.

Y. Sim. Oh thou prettie loving kinde pigmie, but what makes thee wear thy coats of *She spreads her coats.* that fashion.

Doll. Do not you know husband, it is the fashion

for new-married wives.

T. Sim. Is it so? it is an excellent fashion in the Summer time; but I'll go out and return presently.

Exit Y. Sim.

Doll. What will you do? 'tis ten to one he spies you, and then my reputation runs a hazard.

1. Gent. Appoint what way you will, we are contented.

Doll. I see him coming back; and truth to say, the course I shall advise will seem a strange one, yet it must be: you know he did appoint that I should buy for him a pair of Bellows; now if you two can bear it lustily, and blow it strongly, this visit may be kept off from his knowledge.

1. Gent. Nay any thing good *Doll*, we cannot now be choosers.

Doll. So, lie down: I'll fetch a Chafingdish of Charcoal hither, and practice you a while before he come.

Exit Doll.

1. Gent. I have plaid many a mad prank in my life, yet ne're till now acted a pair of Bellows.

Enter Doll.

She practi-

Doll. So, so, blow lustily and fear not. *(es them.)*

Enter Young Simpl.

Y. Sim. Wife: I have considered with my self, that if we lay out all the money in a pair of Bellows, we should have little or nothing left to buy victu-
alls.

Doll. Oh husband! you are deceived; for I have bought you a pair of Bellows, the whole town
thinks not a nearer.

Y. Sim.

Y. Sim. Is this a pair of Bellows, let me see ? this is an alameda pair of Bellows, but look you *Doll* ; when the Bellows-mender comes by, let him stop this hole here, for the winde comes out abominably. I'll call my Father *Simpleton* to see this pair of Bellows. Father, father, come hither.

Enter Old Simpl.

Y. Sim. Did you ever see such a pair of Bellows as my wife has bought.

O. Sim. A pair of Bellows, Son ! me thinks this would serve better for an Anvill : Let's trie how it will bear our stroaks

Y. Sim. Well, a match.

F I N I S.

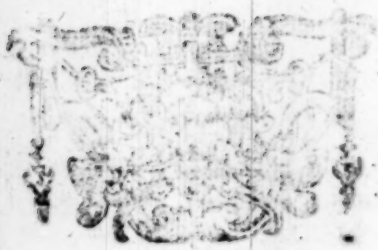


Y. Saw. I like to see you, let me see, this
 I saw you were below, but look you up;
 I saw you were below, but look you up;
 I saw you were below, but look you up;
 I saw you were below, but look you up;
 I saw you were below, but look you up;

From old songs

Y. Saw. Did you ever see such a pair of Belows
 as I saw? A pair of Belows, I saw I see think this
 would never be for an hour: I saw this how it
 will be for an hour.
 Y. Saw. Well, a march

FINIS



ACTÆON
AND
DIANA.—1.

5.2.

WITH
A Pastorall Story of the Nymph
OENONE; —17.

Followed
By the several conceited humors
Of { *Bumpkin*, the Huntsman. — 1.
 Hobbinall, the Shepheard. — 17.
 Singing Simpkin. And — 11.
 John Swabber, the Sea-man. — 26.



Printed at London by T. Newcomb, for the use of the
Author ROBERT COX.

NOTED

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A M A I D

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1892

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and their corresponding dates. The names are: John Smith, James Brown, and Robert Johnson. The dates are: 1875, 1876, and 1877.



To all the Worthy-minded

G E N T R Y.

Gentlemen, and Ladies,

I*F your serious occasions will permit me so much honour, that this slight Book may be accepted and perused, I shall justly acknowledge the favour to be farre above either my hopes or merit. And if you ever vouchsafed your Presence when it was presented on the Stage, I am confident, your (no way erring) judgements will now allow it as it then was intended, which was, rather to provoke a laughter, then occasion a contemplation. It will likewise engage my gratefull service if I be not (in your worthy opinions) taxt of Arrogance to present my unpolished lines, when daily those of excellence are offered to your Eyes and Ears: But in the confidence of your clemency, I submit to the verdict of my grand Jury. And howsoever you are pleased to censure, will remain (as I ought) the humblest of your servants,*

ROBERT COX.

ACTÆON and DIANA.

The names of the Persons.

Actæon.

Three Huntsmen.

Bumpkin, an inferior.

Diana.

Five Nymphs.

Three Countrey Wenches.



ACTEON & DIANA.

*Enter the first Huntsman, and Bumpkin
very Melancholy.*

1. *Hunt.*

BUt tell me fellow *Bumpkin*, what's the matter ?
Thou that hast formerly been heard to sing
As merily and sweetly as the Cuckowe,
But by the posture thou dost now appear in,
Strangers will sooner take thee for an Ass, e,
Then for a man of mettle.

Bumpkin. It may be so.

And for my owne part, I am not such a fool, to think
the contrary ; nay, I would change condition with an
Ass, and thank him too : never was any man (of parts)
so tumbled, Jumbled and Rumbled, as poor *Bumpkin* is.

1. *Hunt.* Why what's the matter ?

Bumpkin. Nay, I know not, but every day my great
guts and my small guts makes such a combustion in my
belly as passes, and my puddings (like Lances) runs a
tilt at my heart, and makes me as queasie stomackt as
a young Green-sickness girl newly come to a big belly.

1. *Hunt.* Canst thou not guess the reason of this trouble.

Bump. Yes, I think I can, and Ile be judged by thee,
B If

if my case bee not desperate : I have a horrible minde to be in Love.

1. *Hunt.* With whom.

Bump. With any body, but I cannot find out the way how to be in Love.

1. *Hunt.* Why ? Ile instruct thee : canst thou be Melancholly ?

Bump. Yes, as a dog, or a hoglouse, I could even finde in my heart, to cry presently.

1. *Hunt.* Canst thou sleep well ?

Bump. I cannot tell, I never saw my self sleep.

1. *Hunt.* Is't possible, that thou who hast so long Been an attendant on my Lord *Alceon*. Shouldst be to learn the way to be in Love.

Bump. I would it were not possible, on the condition thou wert hanged and quartered.

1. *Hunt.* I thank you Sir, but *Bumpkin* list to me, This day thou knowest the maids and youngmen meet To sport, and revell it about the May-pole ; Present thy self there, tell thy cause of grief, And I dare warrant thee a sweet-heart presently.

Bump. If thou canst do that, Ile marry her first, and learn to love her afterwards.

1. *Hunt.* Hast thither *Bumpkin*, Ile go on before. *Exit.*

Bump. And I will follow thee a dog trot.
Is it not pittie, that a man of Authority as I am, having been chief dog-keeper to my Lord *Alceon* this five years, being a man so comely of person, and having such a pure complexion, that all fair Ladyes may be ashamed to look on me, and that I should be distressed for a sweet-heart:

Maypole I com, & if the wenches there increas my pains And scorn to Love, Ile beat out all their braines. *Exit.*

Enter.

*Enter the Huntsmen, with three Country Wenchs,
as they come in, they sing this song.*

SONG.

1. Country Wench.

Come you youngmen, come along.
With your Musique, dance and song;
Bring your Lasses in your hands,
For 'tis that which Love commands:
Then to the Maypole come away,
For it is now a Holiday.

*It is the choice time of the year,
For the Vi'lets now appear,
Now the Rose receives its birth,
And prettie Primrose decks the earth:
Then to the Maypole come away,
For it is now a Holiday.*

*Here each Batchelor may chuse
One that will not faith abuse,
Nor repay with coy disdain,
Love, that should be lov'd again:
Then to the Maypole, &c.*

*And when you well reckoned have,
What kisses you your sweethearts gave,
Take them all again, and more,
It will never make them poor:
Then to the Maypole, &c.*

When you thus have spent the time,
 Till the day be past its prime,
 To your beds repaire at night,
 And dream there of your dayes delight :
 Then to the Maypole come away,
 For it is now a Holiday.

2. *Co. Wench.* Is it possible, would *Bumpkin* be in Love?

1. *Hunt.* Yes, if he knew but how, and for that sicknes I have undertaken to become his doctor ;
 For, at the Maypole meeting 'tis decreed
 A sweet heart must be purchast, come what will on't.

3. *Co. Wench.* Nay, if he be distressed, twenty to one he may find charitable persons there.

1. *Co. Wench.* What Lasse to such a writhled fac'd companion ;

One that by's looks, shewes that his fathers orchard
 Could yield no fruit, but Crabs or Apple. Johns:
 Should he be granted a prevailing suitor,
 I should not think it requisite or fitting
 Women hereafter should enjoy their eyes,
 Their very tongues too should be put to silence,
 Onely allowed to rail at that vile person,
 Who by her choice of him, sham'd the whole sex.

2. *Co.* Nay, I would lay a heavier curse upon her,
 She should not sleep without a wanton dream,
 And waking find no hopes of what she dream'd.

2. *Hunt.* That was a heavie curse and well consider'd,
 But could you find our fellow *Bumpkins* parts.

3. *Co. Wench.* He can loose none, and who can finde them then.

3. *Hunt.* Do you beleeve him foolish.

1. *Co.*

1. *Co. Wench.* It is a faith that needs no confirmation.

1. *Hunt.* Laugh at him then, and wee'l assist you in't;
but do't with Consideration.

2. *Co. Wench.* So we will, — hark Lasses.

They whisper.

2. *Hunt.* Now if they be not hatching Eggs of mischief, let me be counted addle, what think you firs?

Country Wenches Laugh, Ha ha ha,

1. *Co. Wench.* And if he have not love enough, good
Cupid,

Let me want Love when look't for.

2. *Co. Wench.* In the mean time

Let us not starve our pastimes, pray firs,
Begin the Maypole revels.

3. *Hunt.* So we will;

Come strike up a farewell to misfortune.

Enter Bumpkin.

Bump. Thats a dance that I could never hit off,
Pray desist a while and hear my dolefull tale.

1. *Co. Wench.* Hee'l make us cry sure.

Bump. Be it known unto all men by these presents

2. *Co. Wench.* An obligation; wee'l be no witnesses.

Bump. Why then ile hang my self?

3. *Co. Wench.* We will be witness then.

Bump. What to my hanging? O my conscience! If
I should woo my heart out, I should never be the
fatter, for it.---where's your promise now?

1. *Hunt.* You have not yet exprest your self, be plain,
Tell them your grief, a remedy will follow.

Bump. If that be all, 'tis but an easie matter, pray
take notice that I am in Love -- with somebody.

2. *Co. wench.* Would I were she!

Bump. Why? so you are, if you have a minde to't.

2. *Co. Wench.* Why then you are my own? 3. *Co.*

3. *Co. W.* Pardon me, sister, I
bespake him yesterday.

*They all hang
about him.*

Bump Yes marry did she.

goes to her

1. *Co. Wench.* But I was she that won him at the
Maypole.

2. *Co. Wench.* Was that the cause you strove so for
the Garland.

Bump. What's that to you?

Goes to her.

Would I had any one of them in quietness.

3. *Co. Wench.* But yet I must have share.

1. *Co. Wench.* So must I too.

All pull him.

2. *Co. Wench.* I will not part without the better half.

Bump. Then who shall have me whole, what are you
mad?

3. *Co. Wench.* There's reason for a madness in this
case.

1. *Co. Wench.* I will not lose my right. Let go I say.

2. *Co. Wench.* He shall be mine, or else he shall be nothing.

Bumpkin.

Away you Burrs, why do you stick thus on me?

Now by this hand, if nothing can persuade you

Ile drown my self for spight that you may perish.

(Horn.)

1. *Hunt.* Hark, hark, my Lord *Atkins* warning piece,
That Horne gives us intelligence he does intend

To spend this day in hunting, *Bumpkin*, why stay you?
The hounds will quarrell with you, wee'l come after.

1. *Co. Wench.* Will you not stay my Love.

Bump. Ile see you hang'd first, and by this hand ere I
will be in love again, Ile feed my hounds with my own
proper carcase.

Exit.

2. *Co. Wench.* Now he is gon, our dancing may go
forward.

2. *Hunt.*

2. *Hunt.* My Lord *Aceon* stayes, be quick, I pray.
 3. *Co. Wench.* Quick as you will, the doing of it
 quick makes it shew better.

*A Country dance,
 Then Exeunt.*

Enter Aceon and Bumpkin.

Aceon.

ARE all the hounds uncoupled, let the woods,
 Vallies, and hills, be fill'd with their sweet musick:
 Till the thick Aire pierc't by their harmony,
 Return a willing Echoe; Let your cunning
 And care in this dayes hunting be exprest,
 To make the world know that *Aceon's* pleasure,
 Is honoured and obeyed, be nimble sirrah.

Bump. Nimble? yes, as a Bear that hath been lug'd to
 purpose: if *Love* be such a troublesome Companion, I
 will intreat him to keep out of my company.

Aceon. Where are your fellows? we consume the day
 That should be spent in sport, with idleness.
 Go find them out, and tell them of my purpose.

Enter the three Huntsmen.

Bump. They have sav'd me a labour.

Aceon. Pie! what mean you?

The glory of this day calls us to action:
 The wild inhabitants of these fair woods,
 Are to be instructed, they must fear our Javelins,
 Our sloath will make them careless.

1 *Hunt.* Sir, you may please to know, that yesternight
 I lodg'd a Boar within the neighbouring Forrest.

Bump. Yes Sir, and I lodg'd a Fox at a house hard
 by.

1 *Hunt.*

Hunt. His foamy tushes did proclaim defiance
To all that would oppose him, his vast length
And breadth of wonder, caus'd me to beleve
These woods nere bred his equall.

Acteon. He's then a worthy subject for my javelin,
Whose glittering head Ile bath so long within him,
Till I have dy'd it Crimson with his blood ;
Nor shall *Diana's* self, who every day
Honours these woods with her fair train of Nymphs,
Have power to ravish from my resolute arm,
The glory of this conquest : in the mean time,
Let musicks sweet tunes in our breasts create
Desire of *Acteon*, whilst our active Feet,
Nimbly beguiles our duller thoughts of power
To contradict our pleasures : in the fall
Of this wild Boar, lies honour for us all.

*A dance with Acteon and his
Huntsmen. Exeunt.*

*A dance of Diana and her Nymphs, in the later
end of which Acteon and his Huntsmen joyn
with them, upon which Diana sayes,*

Diana. This boldness ruins thee. *Exit*
Act. Ile follow though my ruine do attend me, *Exeunt.*

Enter Diana and her Nymphs.

Diana. The unbridled boldness of *Acteons* youth,
Merits a punishment to equalize
The nature of his crime; sawcy young man,
Too much presuming of thy known deserts,
Be witness you that have vowd chastitie,
How much he hath endeavoured to eclipse

The

The glory of our puritie ; for to me
 And those that are my Votaries, honors precepts
 Must strictly be observed ; no Balm can cure
 The wound of Reputation when 'tis made
 Upon those bosoms that are vowd to vertue,
 Shall the resolve his ruine ?

1. *Nymph.* Gracious Madam,
 Mercy with chastity and beauty joyn'd,
 Are both with Gods and Men in estimation,
 And though his fault beyond expresseion great,
 Cries lowdly on your wrath to execute,
 Yet let his youth find pardon.

2. *Nymph.* It will prove your charity unequalled.

Diana. Your goodness shall
 Become example to my willing pitie :
 Therefore if young *Acteon* from this time,
 Consider his own safety and my honor,
 My vengeance shall be silent ; but if agen
 He shall presume to tempe his most sad fate,
 Ruine as quick as lightning shal demolish
 What Nature did erect in him for wonder,
 That so from men this truth may not be hid,
 No one must covet what the Gods forbid :
 Undress you now, for by this fountain side.
 Our garments from our bodies wee'l divide.

Enter Acteon.

Acteon. What wonders do I gaze on ? Might I thus
 Be feasted at my eyes till time grow old,
 I would not wish a satisfaction
 Of any other sense : — Unkind *Diana*,
 To be so much a miser of thy beauties.

C

Loves

Loves laws can not be perfect, till they part
Rebellion from the confines of thy heart.

Diana. We are betrayed ! Oh Chastity defend us.

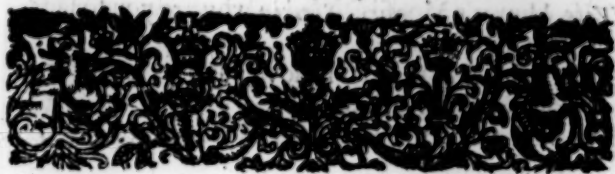
Alteon. Twas but a flattering blis that did me cherish.
Fly, fly, *Alteon*, lest thy life do perish. *Exit.*

Di. Fool ! thinkst thou to escape ? Know that my will
Has power to reach, though thou bestrid'st a wind,
And as by hunting thy offence grew high,
So by the hands of Hunters thou shalt die.
My will prevails, his head is circled round,
The largest Hart ere beat the Forrest ground.
And now forbear this fountain from henceforth,
Let my dishonour dwell upon the Spring,
The waters be corrupted, choakt with mud,
Foul and infectious, like to *Lerhes* flood. *Exeunt.*

A Dance.

Where *Alteon* comes transformed into the shape
of a Hart, his Huntsmen pursue him, and in the
conclusion kill him, and bear him away.

Singing



Singing Simpkin.

The Names of the Persons.

Simpkin, a Clown.

Bluster, a Roarer.

An old Man.

His Wife.

A Servant.

Enter the wife, Simpkin following.

Wife. **B**lind *Cupid* hath made my heart for to bleed,
Fa la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Simp. But I know a man can help you at need,
With a fa la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la.

Wife. My husband he often a hunting goes out,
Fa la, la, &c.

Simp. And brings home a great pair of horns there's
no doubt; with a fa la, la, la, &c.

C 2

wife.

Wife. How is't Monsieur *Simkin*, why are you so sad?
Fa la, la, la, &c.

Simp. I am up to the ears in love, and it makes me
stark mad, with a fa la, la, la, &c.

I am ve't, I am tortur'd, and troubled at heart,
Fa la, la, &c.

Wife. But Ile try my skill to take off your smart,
With a fa la, la, &c.

And on that condition I give you a kiss, Fa la, la, &c.

Simp. But what says your husband when he hears of
this? with a fa la, la, &c.

Wife. You know my affection, & no one knows more,
With a fa la, la, &c. *Knock within.*

Simp. 'Uds niggers noggers who knocks at the door?
with a fa la, la, &c.

Enter Servant. The tune alters.

Serv. There is a Royster at the door, he seems a Fel-
low stout.

Sim. I beseech you worthy friend, which is the back
way out?

Serv. He swears and tears he will come in,
And nothing shal him hinder. *Exit Servant.*

Simp. I fear hee'l strip me out my skin.
And burn it into tinder.

Wife. I have consider'd of a way, and twill be sure
the best.

Simp. What may it be my dearest Dear?

Wife. Creep into this same Chest. *A chest set out.*
And though he roar, speak you no word,
If you'l preserve my favour.

Simp. Shut to the chest; I pray, with speed,
For something has some favour. *Enter Bluster.*

Blust.

Blust. I never shal be quiet if she use me in this fashion.

Wife. I am here to bid you welcom; what mean you by this passion?

Blust. With some young sweet-fac'd fellow I thought gone out you were.

Simp. in the chest. No sooth, the sweet-fac'd fellow is kept a prisoner here.

Blust. Where is the foole thy husband? Say, whither is he gone?

Wife. The Wittall is a hunting.

Blust. Then we two are alone: But should he come And find me here, what might the Cuckold think? Perhaps hee'd call the neighbours in,

Simp. And beat you till you stink.

Blust. Yet in the bloody war full oft, My courage I did try.

Wife. I know you have kild many a man.

Simp. You lie, you slur, you lie.

Blust. I never came before a foe,
By night nor yet by day,
But that I stoutly rouz'd my self,

Simp. And nimbly ran away.

Blust. Within this chest Ile hide my self,
If it chance he should come.

Wife. O no my love, that cannot be,

Simp. I have bespoke the room.

Wife. I have a place behind here,
Which yet is known to no man.

Simp. She has a place before too,
But that is all to common.

Old man within.

Old man. Wife, wherefore is the door thus bar'd?
what mean you pray by this?

Wife. Alas! it is my husband.

Sim. I laugh now till I piss.

Blust. Open the chest, Ile into it,
My life else it may cost.

Wife Alas I cannot open it.

Simp. I beleeve the key is lost.

Wife. I have bethought my self upon a dainty trick.

Blust. What may it be my dearest love ?

I prethee now be quick.

Wife. You must say that your enemy

Into this house is fled,

And that your heart can take no rest,

Untill that he be dead.

Draw quickly out your furious blade,

And seem to make a strife.

Swear all th'excuses can be made,

Shall not preserve his life.

Say that the Rogue is fled in here,

That stole away your coin,

And if Ile not deliver him,

You'll have as much of mine.

Blust. Here's no man but my self,

On whom shall I complain ?

Wife. This great fool does not understand,

This thing you must but feign.

My husband thus must be deceiv'd, and afterwards

wee'll laugh.

Enter old man.

Old man. Wife, since you will not ope the door,

Ile break't ope with my staff.

Blust. Good woman shew me to the slave,

His limbs I strait wil tear.

Wife. By all the honesty I have,

Theres no man came in here.

Blust. When I have fought to purchase wealth,

And

And with my blood did win it,
This Rogue has got my purse by stealth.

Simp. But never a peny in it.

Old man. She's big with child, therefore take heed
you do not fright my wife.

Blust. But know you who the Father is ?

Simp. The Roarer on my life.

Old man. She knows not of your enemy, then get you
gone you were best.

Wife. Peace husband, peace, I tell you true, I have
hid him in the chest.

Old man. I am glad on't at my heart, but doe not
tell him so.

Wife. I would not for a thousand pound the Roar-
er should it know.

Blust. When next we meet his life is gone, no other
must he hope, Ile kill him whatsoere comes on't,

Simp. Pray think upon a rope,

Old man. What kind of person is it that in the chest
does lie?

Wife. A goodly handsome sweet young man,
as ere was seen with eye.

Old man. Then let us both entreat of him — Pray
put us not in fear : we do beseech you go from hence.

Blust. But to morrow Ile be here. *Exit Blust.*

Old man. Wife, run with all the speed you can, and
quickly shut the dore, (more.

I would not that the roaring man should come in any
Mean time I wil release the youth, and tell him how we
have sped. — Be comforted my honest friend.

Simp. Alas I am almost dead, my heart is tortur'd in
my breast with sorrow, fear and pain.

Old man. Ile fetch some *Aqua vita*, to comfort you a-
gain. *Simp.*

*Simpkin comes
forth.*

Simp. And cause I will requite you,
 Whose love doth so excell,
 Ile graft a pair of horns on your head,
 That may defend it well.

Wife. Good husband, let the man stay here,
 'Tis dang'rous in the street.

Old man. I would not for a crown of gold,
 The Roarer should him meet.
 For should he come by any harm,
 They'd say the fault were mine.

Wife to Simpinkin. There's half a crown, pray send him
 out to fetch a quart of wine.

Simp. There's money for you Sir, — Pray fetch a
 quart of Sack.

Old man. 'Tis well, 'tis well, my honest friend, Ile see
 you shall not lack.

Wife. But if he should dishonest me,
 For there are such slipp'ry men.

Old man. Then he gets not of his half crown
 One peny back agen. *Exit.*

Simp. Thy husband being gone my love,
 VVee'l sing, wee'l dance, and laugh,
 I am sure he is a good fellow,
 And takes delight to quaff.

Wife. I'll fold thee in my arms my love,
 No matter for his listning.

The Old man and his servant listen.

Simp. Gentlemen, some forty weeks hence
 You may come to a Christning.

Old man. O firrah, have I caught you,
 Now do the best you can,
 Your Schoolmaster nere taught you
 To wrong an honest man.

Simp.

Sim. Good sir, I never went to Schole,
Then why am I abused?
The truth is, I am but a foole,
And like a fool am used.

old man. Yet firrah you had wit enough to think to
Cuckold me.

Wife. I jested with him, husband, his knavery to see.

Simp. But now you talk of knaverie,
I pray where is my Sack?

old man. You shall want it in your belly, Sir,
And have it on your back.

They beat him off. Exeunt.

*Here follow the Rurall sports on the Birth-day
of the Nymph Oenone.*

The Names of the Persons.

| | | |
|-----------------|---|--|
| <i>Aminas</i> | { | Two Shepherds in love with <i>Oenone</i> . |
| <i>Dorilas</i> | | |
| <i>Strephon</i> | { | Two other Shepherds. |
| <i>Dorus</i> | | |

| | | |
|------------------|---|--|
| <i>Hobbinall</i> | { | A Rustick Swain, conceited that <i>Oenone</i> is enamored of him. |
| <i>God Pan.</i> | | |
| <i>Satyres.</i> | | |

| | |
|---|-------------------|
| { | <i>Oenonee.</i> |
| | <i>Amarillis.</i> |
| | <i>Cloris.</i> |
| | <i>Phillis.</i> |

*Enter Dorilas, as coming to the place where Oenones
Birth-day is to be celebrated.*

Dorilas.

THis is the place, the way me thought was long,
And my slow pace did my affection wrong.

D

For

For who is he that would not wing his haſt,
 When by *Oenone's* eys he ſhall be grac'd.
 Moſt potent Shepherdets who haſt power t'enthrall
 Not only my poor heart alone, but all.
 For every one that reigns here, ſtrives to be
 Rather her captive, then at liberty.
 Her eys do perfectly two Suns preſent,
 And yet but one graces the Firmament,
 The colour of her lips doth juſtly ſhow
 Like that of *Cheries* when they kindly grow
 And ſuch a form they have, they may entice
 To think ſuch only grew in Paradice.
 The Lambs are fatter that by her do feed,
 And all her Ewes more frequently do breed
 Then any Shepherds, and do yeild each year
 A larger ſleece then any others bear,
 As if ſhe brought a miracle to paſs,
 And fed them with her looks more then the graſs.
 If then ſhe will (when other Shepherds ſtand
 To beg a favour from her eys or hand)
 Eſteem me moſt, my poor heart then will be
 Taught the true ſenſe of a felicitie.
 But ſoft, — me thinks from yonder grove I hear
 Voyces that are familiar to my ear,
 Ile not go to them; for *Love* ſays my duty
 Is to attend none but *Oenone's* beauty. *Exit.*

*A Dialogue ſung between Dorus the Shepherd,
 and Cloris the Shepherdets.*

Cloris.

You have forgot then *Dorus* your proteſt.
Dor. No, I have not my *Cloris*, 'tis confeſt.

Clor. But yet I ſaw you ſlide, a Garland neatly ty'd
Into

Into *Uranias*' hand ; let it suffice,
 Though *Love* be blind, *Lovers* have many eyes.

Dor. Will you appear so strangely full of passion ?

Clor. I have cause to fear dissembled love's in fashion.

Dor. Then why did you, I pray,

With *Strephon* sport and play ?

You kist and danc'd, till day was past its prime,

And all the while my heart did beat the time.

Clor. May I not dance, or harmlesly be kist ?

Dor. So I may chance give garlands if I list.

Clor. But when you are so free,

Me thinks you steal from me.

For every Lover will this Text approve,

There's charity in all things but in love.

Dor. That day the storm fell to be true you swore,

Clor. When the sun shin'd agen, you vowd much more.

Dor. Those faithfull vows I made,

were by your self betraid :

For I have learn'd to know it is my due,

To be no constanter in love then you.

Chorus.

Then jealousies be gone, and keep my sheep,

Lest that the Wolf should make their number small,

But of my love nothing command shall keep

But Cloris will, and Cloris will is all.

Enter Amintas and Dorilas.

Amint. Shepheard, thy love is most unnatural :
 For Nature does command friendships observance,
 But by the fond desires thy heart is filld with,
 Thou prov'st thy self ungratefull.

Dor. That Character was never coverd,
 Nor must I wrong my innocence so much,

Not to demand a reason of this slander.

Amin. I will produce the truth thou wouldst profess,
A witness 'gainst thy self: How oft have I
With care and industry preserv'd thy Flock?
And when thy tender Lambs have been in danger,
How many times have I oppos'd the wolf,
And made my strength defender of their weakness?
And when thy self hast follow'd idle pastimes,
Thy Flocks and mine have still been twin'd together,
Till by my vigilance I have instructed
The enemies to Shepherds and their Flocks.
They were to fear me, as thy sheep did them.
Nor have I had a thought (except those dear ones
That have been busied by *Oenone's* virtues)
Which has not stil paid tribute to thy friendship.

Dor. You then would have prerogative in love,
And leave no privilege to me but friendship,
If you allow *Oenone* vertuous.,
And that her eys have power to pierce all hearts,
Why should the man which you will call a friend,
Be banisht from the blest socitie
Of those who are her servants? 'Twere a crime
Against her beautie to beleeve she should
Merit but one mans service; he which reigns here,
I know must love, and that necessitie
Makes rivals necessarie.

Stroph. Tis a truth .
I must acknowledg, pardon me my friend,
I find the Nymph *Oenone* is too worthy;
Yet her perfections (were they centupled)
Shall not dissolve, nor in the least diminish
What has bin formerly esteem'd a triumph,
Which is, a perfect frindship.

Dor.

Dor. In that confidence
Thus we unite agen — But who comes here ?

Entr Hobbinall with a paper in his hand.

Strep. 'Tis *Hobbinall*,
One that beleeves 'tis but *Oenone's* dutie
Directly to confesse her selfe beholding
To him for his affection : he supposes
That his deserts are greater then her beauties,
And is as confident the fair Nymph loves him,
As we are that she does not ; yet his fortune
Is more to be commended then our fate ;
For she is pleas'd to smile at his rude actions,
The best of our endeavours are not valued.

Dor. What paper's that he ruminates upon ?
Let us observe a little.

Hob. 'Tis a strange thing I find my self out everie
day more then other, to be one of the understandingst,
sweetest, neatest, and compleatest Shepherds that ever
took hook in hand. Tother day I saw my face in a pail
of water, and I had much adoe to forbear drowning of
my self : 'tis no wonder then, that the beauteous
Nymph *Oenone* makes much of me, and lets all the
other Shepherds shake their ears like Asses ; And the
truth is, if I can find never a handsomer she shall serve
the turn. This was her birth-day, she being born in the
year — one thousand six hundred, — nay hold a
little ; but on this day of the month it was, Winter or
Summer, in the honour of which we all keep holiday ;
and therefore for the credit of her beauty, and the honor
of my own Poetry, have made such a Copie of Verses
on her, as will make her a thousand times handsomer
then ever she was in her life.

I will peruse them now with the eys of understanding.
He reads.

O Enone fair, whose Beauty does enrich us,
 Tell me the cause why thou dost so bewitch us.
 On this day thou wert born, though not begotten,
 This day Ile think on when th' art dead & rotten.
 And though thy coyneſs and thy pretty scorn
 Makes many wiſh that thou haſt nere been born.
 Yet for my own part this Ile ſwear and ſay,
 I wiſh thy time of Birth were every day.

If ſhe do not run mad for love of me now, 'tis pitié ſhe ſhould have Verſes made on her as long as ſhe lives.

Streph. Let's interrupt him — *Hobbinall* well met.

Hob. It may be ſo.

Dor. But why ſo ſtrange man? I hope you will remember we are your fellow Shepherds.

Hob. You were once, but now I command you to know, I am a Maſter Shepherd; for the fair Nymph *Oenone*, that makes all your mouths run over with water, does acknowledge me to be both Maſter and Miſtreſſe.

Streph. In part 'tis true, yet if you well conſider, ſhe makes you but her ſport, no otherwiſe.

If ſhe make me her ſport, 'tis more then ever ſhe can make of thee: for thou art one of the ſowreſt lookt fellows that ever crept out of a vineger-bottle.

Enter Oenone.

Dor. Here comes the faireſt *Idae* ever nourisht.

Hob. I will accoſt her.

Streph. Forbear a while good *Hobbinall*.

Oenone. It was my fault.

To

To be so credulous ; but 'twas his sin
 To be so lavish of his protestations.
 Oh *Paris, Paris*, thy inconstant nature
 Argues the fickleness which Poets fanſie
 In women, but a Fiction.

I that have formerly acknowledg'd thee
 The onely perſon meriting reſpect,
 Muſt now produce this thy particular falſhood,
 As one to dare example ; let no more
 The Shepherds be at ſtrife to pleaſe *Oenone*,
 Let every Maypole-meeting every feaſt,
 Be honor'd by a happier Nymph then I,
 To be the Miſtreſs of thoſe harmleſs paſtimes.

Dor. Hail to the Nymph that graces *Idae's* vale,
 Accept my ſervice at this dayes ſolemnity.

Strepſ. And if the ſame from me can be accepted,
 nothing ſo pleaſing is as to preſent it.

Hob. I, you may talk as finely as you wil, but when
 I come to ſpeak once, I'm ſure you will be kickt off.

Oen. What you profeſs may wel claim an acceptance.

Hob. Now wil I ſee who is the moſt deſerving Shep-
 herd in all the vale of *Idae*---little rogue, how doſt thou?

Oenone. O *Hobbinall*, you are welcome, I thought
 you had forgot me, you are my ſport, and ſhould be
 ever neer me.

Hob. Look you there, I am her ſport ſhe ſays ; when
 will ſhe give any of you ſuch an honorab'le title: but
 Sport, I do not think but thou art a Conjuror, or a
 Witch, or a Divell at leaſt ; for thou haſt infuſed ſuch a
 combuſtion of Poetry in my head, that I fear I ſhall
 never be my own man agen, nor my Maſters neither.—
 There's a Copie of verſes, read 'um ; nay, they are my
 own, as ſure as my name's *Hobbinall*.

Oenone.

Oenone. I thank you Sport, Ile study a requirall.

*Enter Amintas, Dorus, Amarillis, Cloris,
and Phillis.*

Amintas. Fair one, we come to celebrate this day
With other Shepherds who admire and joy,
To know so fair a creature as your self
At this time of the year made the world happy.

Phil. And we as bound to honour you (the fairest)
that ever grac't our sex, are come to attend upon your
recreations.

Oenone. Your expressions,
(As they cause blushes) do exact a thanks.

Dor. Honour me
With your fair hand, Nymph, that I may lead
The way to all those pastimes which will follow.

Oenone. The honor is to me, and I accept it.

Hob. Id'e laugh at that, no Sport, Ile dance with thee
my self.

Oenone. Some other time,
By chance I may be at leasure.

Hob. Will you not? well, by this hand then Ile stand
out and laugh at every thing you do, right or wrong.

A dance.

Pshaw waw, this dancing is like my mothers Mares
tror, Sport, shal I shew thee a dance of my own fashion?

Oenone. It cannot but content.

Hob. Nay, I know that, hark hither, Lads. *Ex. Hob. Str.*

Oenone. Thus I beguile my passion, shadowing over
With a false vail of mirth, my reall sorrows;
For when time takes an end, not all the stories
Which ever did lament forsaken Lovers,
Shall shew a parallell to my misfortune.

My

My griefs shall stay, when all my joys depart,
And nothing but sad thoughts shall fill my heart.

Hobbinall and the Shepherds dance a Morris.

Hob. How like you this *Sport* :

Oenone. Beyond Expression, *Sport*,

I see your Vertues were conceal'd too long:

Hob. I so they were, but I mean to shew them every day
as fast as I can. But firrah, *Sport*, yonder's God *Pan*,
with a company of the bravest Satyrs that ever wore
horns on their heads: come, Shepherds, let's go make
them drunk, and saw off all their horns. *Exit.*

Enter Pan.

Pan. Hail to that Nymph that graces *Idaes* Vale,
Whose beauty adds a Lustre to all those
That doe acknowledge *Pan* as their chief Patron.
Not any *Satyr* henceforth for thy sake,
Shall own the nature he was bred withall.
But all their actions shall be like thy beautie,
Smooth and delightful, and when thou commandst,
Sweet *Philomel* shall quite forget her Rape,
And overcome with joy that thou art present,
Joyn with the other birds in cheerfull notes.
The very trees shall entertain no whisper
From the rude winds, but what shall please thy ear,
And when thou speak'st the beasts shall dance more
nimbley,
Then when the *Thracian Orpheus* charm'd their senses.
And every object that can yeeld delight,
Shall be *Oenones* vassall: in the mean time,
I, and those *Satyrs* that attend my person,

E

Will

Will move in dance, to let *Oenone* find,
She can make gentle a rough *Satyrs* mind.

Oenone. Since my weak fortune knows no retribution,
But my weak thanks, accept them, being presented.

Pan. Approach then *Satyrs*, and let each one strive
To express the service due unto *Oenone*.

A dance of Satyrs.

Oenone. Now honor me to grace my Bower a while,
Where I will strive to let my Patron prove,
How fain I would be gratefull to his love. *Exeunt.*

Here followes the Humor of
John Swabber.

The Names of the Persons:

Francisco, } Two Gentlemen.
Gerard, }

John Swabber, a Seaman.

Cutbeard, a Barber.

Parnell, John Swabbers wife.

Two or three neighbours wives.

Enter Francisco, Gerard, severally.

Ger. **F** *Francisco,* well met; whither in such hast?
Fran. I am going to a feast; where, if you
please, you shall be welcom too.

Ger.

Ger. I am willing to believe you, and will wait on you.

Fran. Ile promise you a dish of mirth, that's all, and if my hopes delude me not, well drest too, so quaintly relisht, that it will provoke a laughter farre above thy spleen to suffer.

Ger. How can these times afford such entertainment?

Fran. Why, Ile inform you: 'Twas yesterday my luck to be incountred by a rustick Sea-man, (or one at leastwise of as course condition.) This fellow, like a perfect son of folly, began to rail extreemly at his fortune, and needs would make me Judge of his abuse. — I have (sayes he) about some two years since, married a wife, (wo worth the time I saw her) and in my absence she hath got a trick to make me Cuckold whether I will or no; a barbarous Barber makes a beast of me, *Cutbeard* his name, whom I do vow to be the cut-throat of.

Ger. I know the fellow well, he lives close by; but on I pray.

Fran. I finding that his humor might produce something worth laughing at, encouraged him; he like a bladder that is sweld with blowing, was straight puffed up into a desperate humor, so that he vowed this day for a revenge: And hereabout I am to meet this *Hercules*.

Ger. It cannot chuse but produce excellent mirth, which Ile assist with all my best endeavours.

Enter John Swabber, armed with a sword, a gun, a spit, a pair of tongs, and other ridiculous weapons.

Fran. See, he is come loden with several instruments

of death; he means to play a prize with him, I think,-- Well *Fohn*, I see you are prepared for murder; have mercy on the Barber, I say.

Swab. No, I scorn it, I will have no mercy, he has made a whore of a wondrous honest woman, and a Cuckold of one, that for ought I know, might have been a Courtier. For which abominable deed I scorn to shew my self a Christian; for I do mean to use him worse then a Jew would.

Fran. Nay, but consider, he's a man how-ere, and you can boast your self to be no more, although you have the spirit of a Giant; you have brought weapons here as if you meant to kill him twenty times. Troth tis too much.

Swab. If I bate him an Ace of forty, call me Coxcomb, I will draw his teeth one by one, with an instrument called a pair of Tongs, then let him bleed in the right vein, and bid the Divell take him at his own perill.

Fran. Let me prevail with thee to calm thy rage, and take acquaintance of this Gentleman a worthy friend of mine.

Swab. Do you long to be acquainted with me, Sir?

Ger. By any means, Sir.

Swab. Tis granted then; Ile toss a Can or a Pot with you, as soon as I have dispatch't this bawdy Barber; would he were dead that my business might be over.

Ger. What's your profession Sir? and how may I call you?

Swab. I am a Seaman, Sir, my name's *Fohn Swab-ber*—an Officer of the ship, sir.

Ger.

Ger. I cry you mercie, sir.

Swab. Nay, never cry for the matter, — But I had forgot this Barber all this while: Barber come forth, or by the beard of my great Grandfather, I swear, I will so shashado, mashado, pashado, and earblnado thee, that thou shalt look like a gallimafray all the days of thy life. Come forth I say,

Cutbeard within. Why neighbour *Swabber*, who provokes you thus? what do you mean? who has offended you?

Swab. Oh slave of all slaves, who has offended me? why thou base, beastly, boisterous, Babylonian, bawdy-fac'd Barber, thou hast, thou hast made me fit to chew the cud with oxen, climb the mountains with wild goats, and keep company with none but Ram-headed people, for which I will tie thee up on the next sign-post, and there thou shalt hang a twelve month and a day alive, for an example to all such notable shavers; but if thou comest and submitst to my mercy, I will do thee the favour to let thee hang till thou be dead.

Ger. Francisco hark — He pawn my life this fellow's a rank coward, keep you his furie up, and He perswade the Barber to a greater vein of roaring then ere was practised by a suburb blade, He make him at the least seem valiant, fear not. *Exit*

Fran. Do if it be possible, He hold him in discourse. — But, M^r *Swabber*, what think you if he does compound with you, wil you be won to take an arm or two, or both his leggs, and save his other members?

Swab. Pish, tell not me, tis neither his arms nor his leggs that I stand upon, he has caus'd me to go in danger of my life: for t'other day I had an occasion to pass

pass by a worshipfull Gentlemans pack of hounds, they no sooner looked upon my forehead, but they came at me in full cry, and I for fear left such a sent behind me, that they came after me as perfectly by it, as if I had been a Stag; and if I had not got shelter of a house, without doubt I had been presented to some great man for Venison, and my hanches had been bak'd by this time.

Fran. You were in danger there I must confess.

Swab. And the Butchers Doggs still take me for a Bull, and fetch such courses at me, and all this the Barber is the cause of.

Fran. I would revenge it, were I as you he should not have a tool left him to work with.

Swab. No nor to play with neither, Ile have an inch of everie tool he has. — Barber come forth, and let me kill thee upon fair terms, or else I will enter thy house by force, pitch thee down the stairs, and send thee of an errand headlong. And if thou dost submit to mymercie, I wil shave thee to death with thy own razor, therefore take heed. — So, now let him come if he dare.

Enter Gerard.

Ger. Wel, now I see there is no hope to appease him, blood must ensue, and death wil take its course.

Swab. With whom? what's the matter?

Ger. The Barber is preparing for the combat, he has took his pole to serve him for a lance, and one of his basons for a buckler, and vows to make you the windmill, whilest he plays *Don Quixot* against you furiously.

Swab. A windmill! — Ile begone.

Fran. You wil not offer that sure. Whoafraid?

Swab. Would it not make any one tremble with the thought

thought on't, first to be made a Cuckold, then a wind-mill ? No, Ile begone, and come agen to kill him when I can find him in a better humour.

Franc. Consider what you do; he'l call you coward, proclaim you Cuckold stil in everie Alehouse, and what disgrace wil that be ?

Swab. I care not, tis better be a Cuckold then a wind-mil ; if he had meant to make a fool, a puppie, or an as of me, or any such Christian like creature, twere another matter : but to be made a windmill of, and never to be respected but when the wind blows, is not to be endur'd, therefore let him make windmils of my weapons, if he will, for my own part Ile defend my self with my heels.

Throws down his weapons.

Ger. Come, I have brought him to a better temper, he will come armed with nothing but a Razor, with which if he does slit your wezand-pipe, it will not be a-miss to take it patiently.

Swab. Let him not spoil my drinking, and I care not; but hark you, if you should let him hurt me, I should be as angrie as a Tiger.

Enter Cutbeard with a razor.

Cut. Where is this slave that has provok't my rage to his destruction, I wil swinge this Boore, then hang him up for Bacon in my chimney, and send him to be broyled for *Pluto's* breakfast.

Swab. VVhy This is worf then to be made a windmil. Do you hear sir, if ever you had the fit of an ague upon you, or ever knew the trembling of a man troubled in conscience, that would be loth to die till he had made even with all the world, consider me ; alas, sir, I have my rent to pay yet, and if I should be sent to hell of an errand, they'l like my company so well, I should never
come

come back agen; pray perswade him to send me to *Jerusalem*, or *Ferico*, or any those places neerer hand.

Fran. Why canst not thou excuse thy selfe? where's thy brains?

Swab. Alas, my brains are fallen into my breeches, but if you'l stand between me and harm, Ile venture to reconcile my self to him, — *Cut* — honest *Cutbeard*, didst not thou think I was in earnest all this while.

Cut. What ere thou wert, thou shalt be nothing presently, death waits for thee, come quickly I command thee.

Swab. Sir, pray perswade M^r *Death* to have patience for a matter of 40 or 50 years more; for I have a great deal of business to do in this world yet.

Cut. Shal I be dallied with, let me approach him, for all the intreaties of the world shal not preserve him past six minutes.

Swab. One minut's past already, — and theres two.

Fran. Nay, prithee *Cutbeard*, be more merciful.

Swab. Three — four — five.

Ger. Wil no intreatie serve? Then take your course.

Swab. Six, O now I am gone.

Cut. If he submit he may live, let him know it --- dost thou acknowledge thy own cowardize and my heroick valor?

Cut. O mighty *Hercules*, I confesse my self a *Pigmy*, and I wil never think otherwise while I live; these Gentlemen be my witnesses.

Ger. VVhy then all's wel agen.---Remember *Cutbeard*,

Cut. Ile spice him fear not---give me thy hand *Fask*, Thus do I grasp thy friendship.

Swab. He grasps my hand divelish hard tho.

Cut. I hear pronounce thy wife to be a *Venus*.

Swab.

Swab. O rare ! Is my wife a *Venus* ? That's more then ever I knew before ; why then I will be her husband *Cupid*.

Fran. No, *Cupid* was her son.

Swab. 'Tis no matter for that, he shall be her husband for once, and we two wil get such abundance of young *Cupids*, that we'l make all the world in love with one another.

Cut. Since we are reconciled, know, honest *Swabber*, that I wil make the whole world dote on thee, Ile wash thy face, and powder thee to'th purpose, and shave thee if thou wilt too.

Swab. No, by no means, I dare not venture my throat under thy fingers ; but for washing and powdring, that all the world may be in love with me, I am content.

Cut. Sit down then in this chair, look on this powder, the snow is nothing to it, 'twill create such a complexion on thee, that no Art did ever set upon the proudest Lady.

Swab. But hark you *Cutbeard*, how shall I do to satisfie all the women that will follow me for kisses, if you make me too beautifull, my lips will be worn threed-bare before I can get home ; and then *Parnell* my own dear wife, will have the least share of her own sweet husband.

Cut. For that we'l take a course, — wink, wink, good *Fack*, my Ball will search your eyes else.

Swab. My eyes are honest, and fear no searching

Changes the powder, and blacks his face all over.

Cut. Now I begin to sprucifiethy phisnomie, — This powder was extracted from the Phoenix, when she last burnt her self, and is indeed the quintessence of odors.

Swab. Nay, 'tis as odious as ever I smelt, that's certain,

tain, good *Cutbeard* let me have enough I prithee.

Cut. Nay, Ile spare no cost, — Judg Gentlemen, is he not strangely alterd?

Ger. Past belief; I would not that my Mistress saw him now, my hopes would soon be cool'd then.

Swab. I think so, but I would have you to take notice, I wil have nothing to do but with great personages, for I must not make my self common.

Fran. What this fellow wil com to no man knows yet, his fame no doubt wil travel ore all countries, and I am full resolv'd in my opinion, the Queen of *Mauritania* wil run mad for him.

Swab. If she run as mad as a March Hare, she gets not a bit; no, *Parnell* and my neighbours shal have all.

Cut. Now if the Painters wil draw *Adonis* out, let them come here for copies. So I have done.

Swab. Prithee *Cutbeard* lend me a Looking-glass.

Cut. By no means; what did you never hear of one *Narcissus* how he pined away for love of his own shadow: No, go home, your house is hard by, let *Parnell* see you, and blest her self with wonder.

Swab. Honest *Cutbeard*, this Gentleman is a worthy friend of mine, prithee bestow some of the same powder upon his face.

Fran. No, no, you shal be beautiful alone, tis best.

Swab. *Parnell* I come, and if thou beest not stupid, Thou'lt say *Jack Swabber* is a kin to *Cupid*. *Exit.*

Ger. Well *Cutbeard*, thou hast dress'd him handsomly, I'de give a Crown that I were by when first he finds what beauty hee's adorn'd withal.

Cut. This day I am to meet with pretty *Parnell*, pray Heaven the Fool be absent when I come, some two hours hence if you wil meet me, Gentlemen, Ile tel

tel you how he takes his transmigration.

Fran. We wil not fail. Farewel.

Exeunt.

Enter Parnell.

Parn. I wonder that my Barber stays thus long, can he neglect me thus? Wel, I wil fit him; for if he use me once agen thus basely, I wil cashiere him, and bestow my love upon some one more constant: forty to one but *Swabber* comes before him, and spoils all.

Enter Swabber very stately.

Who's this in the name of blackness? the clothes and walk of my dear husband, and Ile lay my life he has got a vizardon. — Nay pray now, indeed you'l fright me presently, take heed.

Swab. She does not know me that's excellent, — *Parnell* beleeve it, I am flesh and blood, I would not have thee take me for a Goddess.

Pan. A Goddess quotha, a black one if you be one; what hast thou got upon thy face I prithee?

Swab. Do not look too wistly upon me, *Parnell*, my beauty wil put your eyes out if you do, and then I must be at the charge of a Dog and a Bel for you.

Pan. A Dog and a fools head; pul off your vizard.

Swab. Do not touch me unless you make forty curtseys first. Come kifs me, and thou wilt be out out of thy wits presently.

Parn. Nay, then I see tis a trick put upon him; Ile fetch you a glafs, you shal behold your beauty. *Exit.*

Swab. Do, and I wil venture to be in love with my self for once. How shal I requite honest *Cutbeard*? By this hand he shal have the honor to be Barber to all my wenches.

Enter Parnell with a glafs.

Parn. Are you not wondrous fair? Look and admire your self.

Swab. O *Parnell, Parnell*, I am gul'd most basely, I have not half so much beautie as a Chimney-sweeper : Ile kil the Barber the first thing I do.

Parn. Was it the Barber used thee thus ?

Swab. I *Parnell*, 'twas he : Ile go fetch a company of my *Fellow Saylor*s, drag him out, and hang him up at the main Yard presently. *Parnell* farewel : if I be apprehended for the death of *Cutbeard*, what ever thou dost, send me a clean shirt ; for I shal have need on't. *Exit.*

Parn. VVell *Cutbeard*, I commend thee for this project, thou hast drest him handsomly ; would thou wer't here, I would kifs thee for the jests sake. *Enter Cut.* Oh are you come, Sir ?

Cutb. I watcht the time my *Parnell*, and have found it ; How does the gul become his feathers ? Ha !

Parn. As I would have him : Oh *Cutbeard*, this kifs, and this, for the device.

Cut. VVhere is he, *Parnell* ?

Parn. VVhy gone abroad in his new-fashion'd face, to fetch a gang of *Saylor*s, who he vows shal hang thee up at the main Yard, and shal use thee worfe then the Prentices a Suburb-Bawd on a *Shrove-tuesday*.

Cut. And those same water-rats are Divellish things ; what a slave was I to use him so ?

Parn. VVhat canst thou fear when I am in thy presence ? Away you milksop, hence from me, avant.

Cut. Nay, gentle *Parnel*, by this hand Ile fight with a whole Army, if thou sayst the word : prithee be reconciled.

Swab. within. VVhy *Parnell, Parnell*, here's thy own sweet husband ; open the door dear wife.

Parn. O me, my husband's come, what shal I do ?

Cut. Let me into the well, if thou thinkst good, or hang

hang me in the chimney stead of Bacon.

Parn. Alas, that's full of hazard. — No device!

Swab. within. Why hufwife, hufwife, must I wait halfe a day?

Parn. My peticotes saln off, but I come presently --- Oh I have thought, come hither, put on this biggin, I made it for my child that is at Nursel, and cram thy self into this cradle here: there is no other way, therefore dispatch.

Cut. O me, thou never thinkst upon my beard, that will betray all presently. *A cradle set forth.*

Parn. Take you no care, Ile make him to belceve you were born with it; be quick, I say.

Cut. Necessitie compels me, send me off of this brunt once, Ile hunt the smock no more — Cover me close good *Parnell*.

Parn. So, keep you close, and when he prattles to you, sneere in his face, and call him *Dad*; do you hear?

Parnell lets him in.

Enter Swabber.

Swab. Why you proud, pcevis^h, petty, paltry *Parnell*, why did you make me stay so long?

Parn. I made what hast I could, but the child cri'd so.

Swab. The child! what child? have you got bastards here?

Parn. Bastards? they are your own then: *Simon's* come home, the boy I had a twelvemonth since by you, he was born when you were at sea.

Swab. Is he brought home? As I'm an honest man I'm glad on't. Let me see him *Parnell*.

Parn. Look here he is, the goodliest boy, and even as like thee *John*, as if thou hadst begot him all thy self.

Swab. Whoop, heres a boy of a twelvemonth old: if he grow but thus much this next year, he'l be able to fight

fight with a Giant presentl. But *Parnely*, he has got a great beard too, how comes that ?

Parn. Why he was born with it ; many children are so, and 'tis a sign he wil be a man betimes, a wise discreet one too.

Cut. Dad dad, dad.

Swab. Nay, 'tis a wise child, I perceive that ; for he calls me dad at first sight. Good *Parnel* fetch me some milk for him, Ile see him eat.

Parn. He had milk but just now ; prithee *John* be patient.

Swab. You are a fool, he has been starv'd at Nurse, and we must make him fat. Fetch some, I say.

Par. I wil not truly *John*, you'l spoil the child.

Swab. I saw some stand in the next room, Ile fetch it my self so I wil. *Exit.*

Par. What wil you do ? You must endure with patience ; I mingled batter but just now for pancakes and that he'l bring, as certain as I live.

Cut. I shal be cram'd to death ; mercie upon me.

Par. He comes, lie close agen.

Enter Swabber, with a great bowl of batter and a ladle.

Cut. Dad, dad, dad.

Swab. I mine own boy, here's milk for thee, *Simon*.

Throws it in by ladles full.

Look *Parnel* look, how greedily he eats it.

Par. Now fie upon you *John*, you'l choak the child.

Swab. I mean to make him grow as high as *Pauls*, and shew him for a wonder in *Bartholmew* fair. Fetch me some more milk, this is all gone.

Parn. What, do you think Ile murder the poor infant ?

Swab. By this hand Ile go to the Milk-woman and fetch him a whole gallon. *Exit,*

Parn.

Parn. Up quickly and be gone; for when he comes he'l choak you without fail.

Cut. A pox upon him, never was child fed thus. But what wil you do now?

Par. Do not you fear; Ile fetch my own child; 'tis at a neighbours house, & say the Fairies have exchange'd it.

Cut. Send thee good luck; farewell sweet *Parnel*. *Ex.*

Parnel fetches in a little child, and layes it in the cradle.

Parn. So, if this child wil serve him for a *Simon*, all will be wel agen.

He comes, — Oh *John*.

Enter Swabber,
with more milk.

Swab. Come, give me *Simon* on my lap, Ile feed him til his guts crack agen.

Parn. Alas, I went but i'th next room, and in the mean time the Fairies have exchanged him; look what a little thing they have left in's place.

Swab. Ile have none on't, go fetch me *Simon*, and tel the Fairies Ile indite them at the Sessions for this. Oh *Simon, Simon*, what's become of thee?

Parn. Nay, prithee take not on so.

Swab. The goodliest boy of his age, that ever man saw. Pshaw, this has ner 'a beard, Ile ha' none on't.

Enter Francisco, Gerard, Cutbeard, neighbours wives.

Fran. Why how now *Jack*, what in a passion? ha! 'twas that blackt thy face to day for mirth sake, and thou didst think 'twas *Cutbeard*.

Swab. I care not for my face, *Simon* is gone, that had a beard as big as *Cutbeards* here; the Fairies have exchanged him; and look what a chitty-face they have left in's room, a thing of nothing for him.

Ger. Come, you must use this they have left with courtesie; for they wil whip *Simon* every day i'th week else. I know the nature of them.

Swab. Wil they so? Nay then I must make much on't.

Fran.

Fran. And now you must be friends with *Cutbeard* too.

Swab. With all my heart, for I am angry with none but the Fairies now.

Ger. We have brought musick, and some neighbours with us, and mean to have a dance. Come *Fohn*.

Swab. I can dance nothing but a melancholy dance. For I am in a grievous dump for *Simon* still

Ger. I warrant thee. Strike up there. *A Dance.*

Fra. Why that's well done; no time is counted lost, Where civill mirth is gain'd with such small cost.

FINIS.

